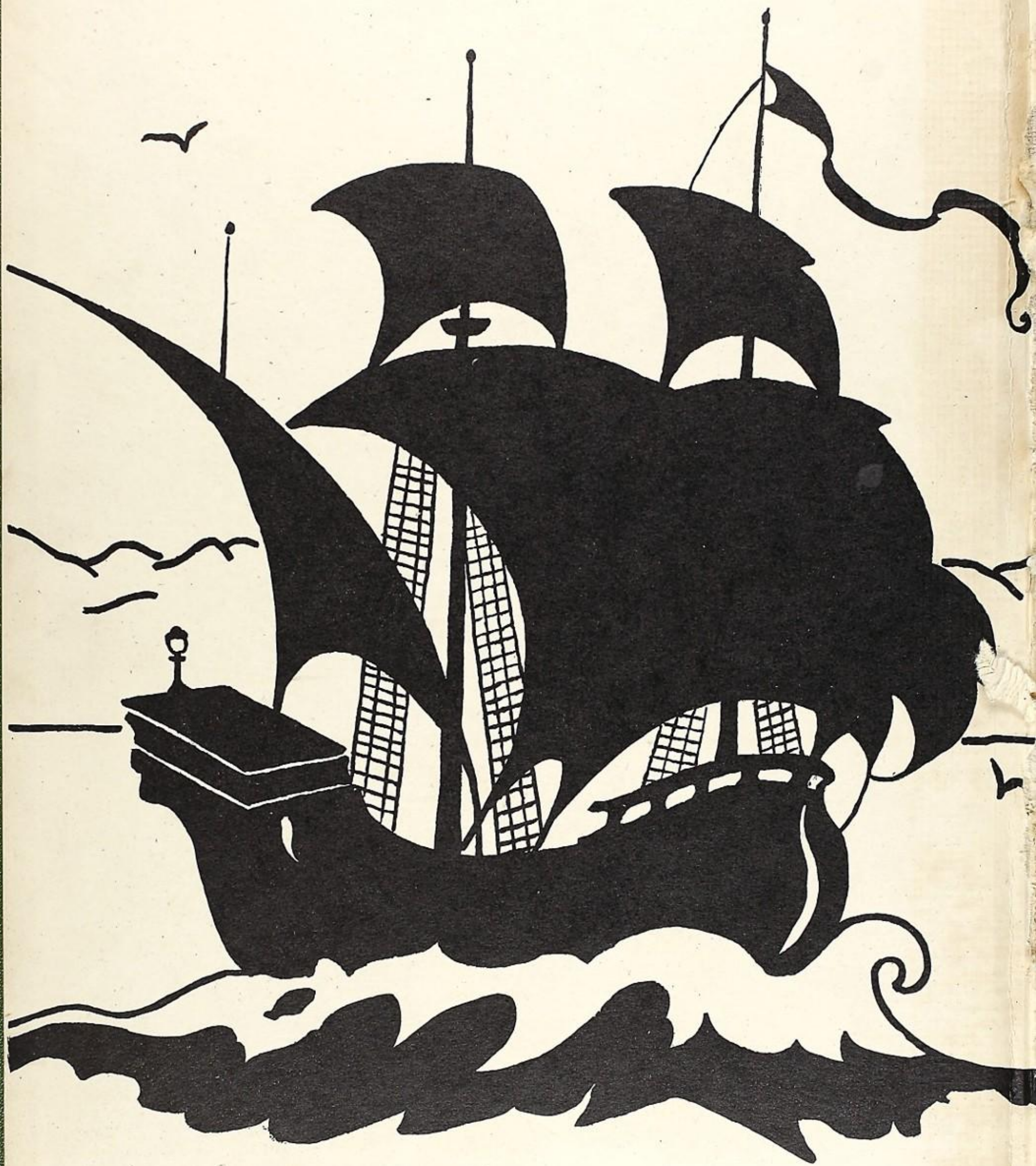
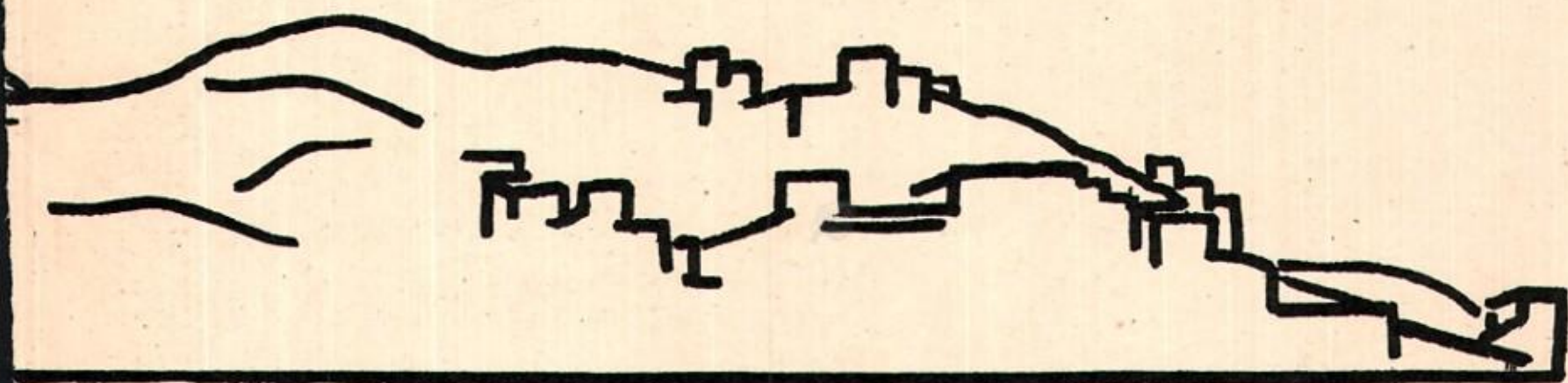






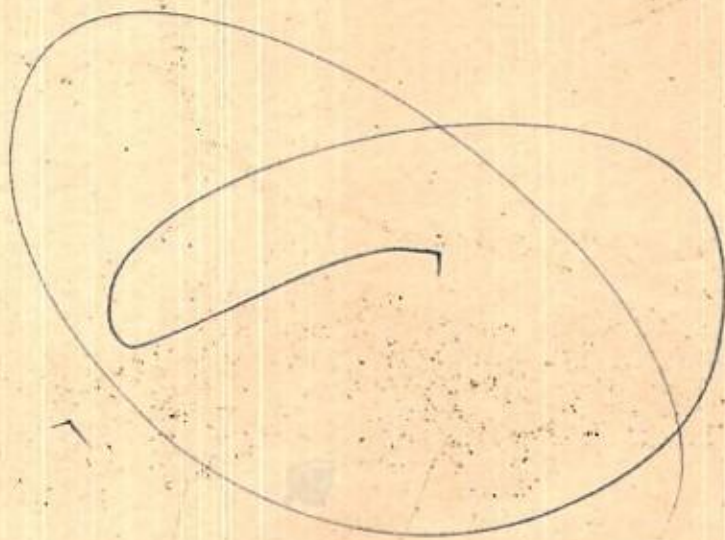


EG.

Mary Kirkpatrick Smith

Ellis School i got it
on 1945 in second grade i got it

its a year Book



ALMA MATER

Through the hours of work and pleasure, we have spent together here,
Building up the golden treasure of success that's e'er so dear;
Struggling straight and ever onward, with our motto strong and bright,
We are bound to fight as comrades, for our colors, green and white.

Fleeting time will serve to sever ties we've ever held so dear;
Others will be bound together close in friendship and good cheer;
But there's nothing e'er can shake us from our pledge of loyalty,
And the battles will but take us through the joys to victory.

Far beyond the dear old school days, looking back on mem'ries dear,
They'll be more than golden rule days, seen through reason's vision clear.
As we fight in life's great battles, striving ever for the right,
Then we'll praise our Alma Mater and her colors, green and white.

The Ellis School Glee Club
1945 - 1946

“ strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

THE ELLISIAN FIELDS REVISITED

by the class of

Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Six

The Ellis School

June, 1946

To the Graduate of Ellis School, the product of the
Ellisian way;

To the enthusiasm of her youthful aspiration, the un-
swerving loyalty of her spirit, the effective criteria she has
shaped for the journeying, and the inspiration of her promising
achievements.

We, the Class of 1946, dedicate this book.

As the living symbol of these Ellisian ideals, we especially
remember Anne Wellinger of the Class of 1945.



ANNE WELLINGER
1928 - 1946

MASTERS OF THE



In the chart room of the Ellisian Sailing Company, on vigil by day and by night, sits our master of all voyages, Admiral Marjorie L. Tilley. At her side Vice-Admiral Mary C. Hutchinson wields the cat and charts all courses.

Collecting and guarding all coin and tribute, Comptroller Margaret Gracey presides over the exchequer. 'Nearby, in charge of all ship's service, sits Officer Elizabeth Burnett.

As liaison officers between the home office and the various crews, certain seamen meet now and then with the admiral, to forestall insubordination, brawls, and mutiny.

SHIPS AT SEA

On this voyage, commandeered from the ranks, is First Class Seaman Gutsche. She is sturdily reenforced by Master Seamen Stewart and Schuchman, Seaman Taylor and Seaman of good ship Ellis Junior, Friday and Miller of the E S 48, and Burnett of the fresh water fleet; a goodlie company indeed.



COAST WISE

Coastwise trade is under the special care of Chief Officer Martha Wood.

Small craft, piloted by Captain Doris Shreve and First Mate McAdams, ply busily hither and yon about the bay. They are a happy crew of artists, musicians, and showmen. Their chief cargo is books, pictures, beads, and puppets.

Captain Harvey, a bit in the lead, follows much the same route. Her more experienced squad includes expert store-



Left: B. G. Annan, J. Holbrook, J. Bane, L. Zimmerman, I. Rea, K. Jameson, C. DeNinno, C. O'Brien, N. Noyes, D. Horning, S. Weaber.

Absent: M. Bell, M. Gish, P. Kinnear, M. McGraw, M. L. Meyer, A. Ebbert, M. Nelson.

Right: L. Rost, C. Rannells, C. Scharfe, W. Ward, L. Bindley, A. Weir, M. Ewing.
Seated: K. Walter, D. Johnstone, M. A. Calcutta.



VOYAGERS

First Grade with Mrs. Harvey
Standing: R. Gish, D. Alderdice,
M. Irwin, A. Rodgers. *Seated:* D.
Brown, V. Voigt, K. McCreery, J.
Holt, H. Brush.

Absent: K. Taylor, L. Veltman.



keepers and tradesmen. Part of her equipment is a fair supply of adventures by sea and land.

Chief Officer Wood commands more hardy seafarers, who venture beyond the bay to neighboring coves and harbors. In preparation for the still farther voyages of the years to come, they spend their watches studying the ways of all sorts of foreign folk.

Most skillful of all, under this general command, are the doughty rivermen of Captain Carter's fleet. Ever watchful

Second Grade with Miss Wood: L. Flegler, A. Evans, P. Young, V. Carter, N. Bayard, B. Clark, D. Dauler.



for snag and snapper, these able lassies push their canoes up the turbulent waters of the inland streams, trading goods and friendship with the native Indians of the vast forest stretches.



Third Grade with Miss Carter: D. Mellon, D. Weir, S. Sayers, T. Horning, A. Ewing, J. Mulert, E. Merhaut.

Absent: L. Robinson, J. Everson.

HARDY ADVENTURERS

This crew of enthusiastic sailors, eager for adventure and exploit, ventured from the middle class shores under the command of Captain D. A. Ludebuehl. Mates Ellis, Montgomery, Pierce, Arnold, and Fell made up the special staff. Officer Arnold, on leave for the second half, was replaced by Mate Sweet in February.

At frequent assemblies on board, the entire crew participated in spelling bees, current events, song fests, plays, recita-



tions and book reports. Upper seamen planned elaborate Hallowe'en, Christmas, Valentine and Easter parties.

Thursday nature study programs were received in the radio room. Book clubs were organized by Officers Sweet and Montgomery.

Clothing and gay, handmade animals were sent to the children of Europe. Soldiers' homes and hospitals were supplied with favors fashioned by these clever craftsmen.

On shore leave, they visited libraries, radio stations, and flower shows.



Fourth Grade: On the piano, A. Woolfolk, C. Stanley. Left to Right: B. Knable, M. Blair, M. Clifford, M. Howard, B. Scheetz, M. McCrady, E. Beeson, M. J. Fraley.

Absent: B. Mullen.

It is easy to see that aboard this ship work and play brought the same ready curiosity and the weeks of voyage were never dull.



Fifth Grade Standing: K. Sprague, C. Clark, M. Crawford, D. Beeson.

Seated: S. Love, M. Bell, J. Hopkins, J. Ewing, E. Rodgers, R. McSorley.

Setated on the floor: N. Horne, S. Hughes, S. Smith.



Sixth Grade, Left to Right: A. Payne, B. Walker, N. McKay, P. May, A. Kirkpatrick, L. Mulert, S. Foster, M. L. Warden, D. M. Piccino, N. Dorbritz, C. Tyson, L. Fleger, B. Vaux, I. Friesell.

Seventh Grade, Left to Right, Top: A. Flick, S. Morgan, L. Sander, R. McEldowney, C. Carson, L. Warren, C. Mellon, J. Carter, S. Simpson, M. Burgwin, C. Horney.

Seated: E. Raymond, V. Byerly, C. Kipp, J. Winn, B. A. Roop.

Absent: M. Burchfield, S. Naylor, M. Scully.



EXPLORERS OF

Our ubiquitous commanding officers have guided our sea-going vessels past the rocks of the sirens, through squalls and tempests, safely into port on schedule.

We are indebted

To Mates Currier and Manning for our vivid and accurate log;

To Chief Linguists Vuagniaux, Ellis, and Shreve, who made us feel at home in foreign lands, and to Officer Hogg, who always quite rightly asserted that our patient study of Latin would be rewarded when we reached the Mediterranean lands;

To Chief Chronicler Stevenson, whose astute anecdotes have stimulated interest in the ancient ruins along all shores.

To Alchemist Hutchinson, for those musty intriguing elixirs which filled our hold continually with aromatic odors.



THE SEVEN SEAS

To Navigator Pickard, who watched the glass and diligently charted our course, after Officer Skeath deserted to the Good Ship Matrimony;

To Chief Minstrels Fell and Cook, who emulated the sirens, when they led the crew in loud and lusty sea chanties.

To Master Craftsmen Williams and Mantell, whose guiding skill gained an enviable reputation for our figurehead, from Iceland to the Orient.

Last but not least, to Officer Dickey, in charge of knotted muscles and aching limbs, for our agility in scampering up the rigging.

Our heads and hearts beaten but unbowed, we journey forth, singing grateful praises for the sometimes explosive, ever resourceful members of our masters at the helm.





Eighth Grade, Left to Right: C. J. Leonard, M. Miller, L. Long, J. Mullet, K. Russell, C. Engelder, B. J. Baird, F. Murray, M. J. Robinson, E. Helm, C. Williams, E. Carroll, C. Chapple, D. Swan, B. Foster, C. McGinnis, J. Dickey, K. Horne. Seated in arbor: A. Collins, J. Garrison, J. Hazlett, M. Rowland, C. List.

One of the members of Admiral Tilley's vast fleet is the PT-8, a most daring and venturesome ship. At the start of this year's grim voyage, darkened by the clouds of knowledge, the officers aboard were Skippers Swan, and First, Second and Third Mates Foster, Carroll, and Chapple.

The crew of the PT-8 has almost doubled this year. Much to our disappointment, two members deserted to Florida; but the several new members have added greatly to the spirit of the ship's company.

Our numbers have always been outstanding for entertainment. In the past we have presented "Gareth and Lynette," and "The Violin Maker of Cremona." We have featured piano solos and fine recitations. This year Seaman List gave an astonishing speech on the Grenfell Mission. This was on the Ellis Guild program. Her knees shook and her voice quaked, but she pulled through nobly for a noble cause.

All hands aboard are now busy either with plans for the Fair or rehearsing for the Dramatic Club plays.

"All aboard! All aboard that's going aboard!"

"Wait, for the love of Olympus, just a minute. Jupiter, I never thought I'd make it. I can't seem to stand up straight. If I could just lean up against a post—Oh, hello! I haven't seen you since we were freshmen. Seen any of the old crowd around?"

"Do you mean to say you haven't met the ship's captain? In the name of Apollo you surely recognize Marty Snowdon! She's in high favor with the gods these days. I even saw Old Neptune himself on the pier to see her off. In spite of his long green beard, he looked strangely like Mrs. Hogg.

"Well I never thought I'd see any of our fellow-worshippers of Athena on board this ship, but they do seem to be all about the place. Whatever is that odd shrieking?"

"Oh, that must be the sirens. We don't usually sail so close, but I suppose this crew just couldn't resist. Bouncing Bacchus, think of the men they must eat; or I should say 'meet.' I've always thought it might be fun. . . ."

At that moment, Zephyrus in anger blew the fair ship on to the very rocks of the sirens. So if you have ever wondered who what became of this promising crew, they are still perched on a rock in the Aegean Sea, singing strange songs. Foolish mortals! They should have known that only people that behave get to the Isles of the Blest.

Freshmen, Left to Right: L. Lyndon, N. Austin, J. Barnes, G. Clark, F. Walton, S. Lyddon, A. Nimick, M. Snowdon, S. Smith, T. Moreland, P. Love, M. McCargo, A. Snodgrass, S. A. Kennedy, L. Bayard, K. Cochran, S. Follansbee, S. Carson, B. Maynard, A. Becker, P. Burnett.





Sophomores, Left to Right:
A. Allen, N. Patton, M. J. Friday, L. Hardie, S. Samson, J. Carson. *Seated:* M. Bingler, D. Miller, C. Reed, V. Wilson.

Patton

- Mary Jane Friday: Able skipper and ready member of the Fleet Council. It is fair sailing ahead with merry Fido aboard to sing, whistle, or spin yarns to the crew's hearty delight.
- Virginia Wilson: With a mind for figures she startles her mates and masters by her amazing geometric calculations on call.
- Anne Allen: Straggles aboard late, as usual, just as "Anchors Aweigh" is called. There she is now, clutching her blue and gray lunch box, her sun-bleached hair flying in the breeze.
- Nancy Patton: Batten down the hatches, for here comes the celebrated galley scavenger. The ship vibrates with her boisterous laugh, as the crew gathers round to hear her tall tales.
- Charlotte Reed: Tolli is known as the ship's confidential agent. She sees all, knows all, and tells all, with equal glee. Hear her contagious laugh?
- Joan Carson: Hold on to your pockets, men, and watch your pay, for here comes our vigilant treasurer with ready figures in her head and a grasping hand for any tardy payments.
- Dorothy Miller: Dodie is our golden haired Council member. Her sunny disposition and merry smile, as she throws you in the gig, would bring tears to your eyes.
- Margieann Bingler: Our silent partner chuckles quietly to herself in obvious amusement at all our silly antics. She may say little, but we have learned that she never misses a trick where fun is concerned.

As the good ship Ellis Junior set sail last September her skipper, Joan Seaman, took a good grip on the wheel, with Michael Taylor and Nancy Carter standing by as Mates. Seven of the crew had overstayed their leave and missed the ship, but four new voyagers have helped make up for the loss. The crew now numbers fifteen, a hardy company of various talents and interests.

At two every Tuesday afternoon the seven representatives of the Singing Sailors scurry to rehearsal.

From time to time Peggy Wilson presides over emergency meetings of the Ellis Guild on the main deck.

On clear days, three members of the Art Squad may be seen in the crows' nest—just painting.

Recently terrified screams and pistol shots have been heard coming from the open companionway. At first it sounded like mutiny, but it has turned out to be our eight ham actors, practicing their parts for some dramatic didos. Joan Reed, vice-president of the Actors' Squad, has put a stop to the noise.

Sometimes a light may be seen in the cabin late at night. It is probably the two Council members, conferring with the Admiral of the flagship, "Spirit of Ellis." Or maybe the four members of E.A.A. are planning some relay races to get the decks swabbed.

After a quick checkup at mid-voyage, the crew started to work on plans for a deck prom. It turned out to be a grand affair and the ship was crowded with visitors. Senior crewmen were our special guests.

With the help of our good ship "Faculty" we hope to pull safely into port in June. Then we shall receive a thorough inspection and be in readiness for next year's bon voyage.

Juniors, Left to Right: S. McGranahan, J. Lappe, M. Oliver, M. Walker, J. Seaman, P. Wilson, E. M. Yohe, J. Reed, M. McSorley, N. Carter, B. Reed, M. Tucker.

Absent: M. Burrell.



SHORE

MUSIC

As with most sea-going vessels, ours is always happy in anticipation of shore leave. Gay voices often join in singing hearty sea chanties. Seaman McNulty has begged and bullied her men, under the direction of Officers Cook and Fell, for a good showing ashore.

The first such performance was at Thanksgiving services in a small port of call. Farther along, a detail from S.S. Shadyside joined ours for another Thanksgiving service at the Shadyside Presbyterian Church. After some insubordination, which Admiral Tilley settled in short order, the humbler choristers proceeded with the orders of the day.

A Christmas party was held on board, before going ashore. Christmas carols were sung with joyful promise of long leave, where friends and family would soon be seeing too much of us all.

The year's work of the choral detail culminated in one more get-together with the Shadyside group. This was a joint concert of great success, socially and musically.

Incidentally our treasury is bulging and our hearts are light.

PICTURES

Our able young artists aboard have banded together in a working organization deftly guided by Captain Williams. Taking advantage of eagerness for action, the Dramatic Club, the E.A.A., and the Guild have ordered and received imaginative and beautiful posters for all occasions.

In the competitive field certain work done aboard ship was placed on exhibition in the Port of Pittsburgh. Great was the celebration on board when



LEAVE



Seamen Burns, Burnett and Reed were decorated and duly congratulated.

At the Ellis Fair Art clubbers were invaluable for their advice and ready co-operation. Throughout the voyage our main cabin has been made lovely with travel posters, furniture and costume designs, stained glass artistry, and charming prints.

DRAMA

Before Christmas the Senior class called for expert help in the production of J. M. Barrie's "Mary Rose." Immediately the Dramatic Club volunteered and gave its professional (?) assistance. Later in the voyage the officers, Nancy Schuchman,





president; Joan Reed, secretary, and Anne Eisaman, treasurer, scoured the shelves of the ship's library for plays worthy of the club's own outstanding talent.

After sleepless nights over lines not learned, sharp battles for a corner on deck for rehearsals, and various sorts of absenteeism, at last three one-act plays were given in separate assembly periods: "The Trysting Place," by Booth Tarkington; "Riders to the Sea," by Synge; and "Two Crooks and a Lady," by Eugene Pillot. At the helm were Commanders Currier, Hutchinson, Pickard and Williams.

SPORTS

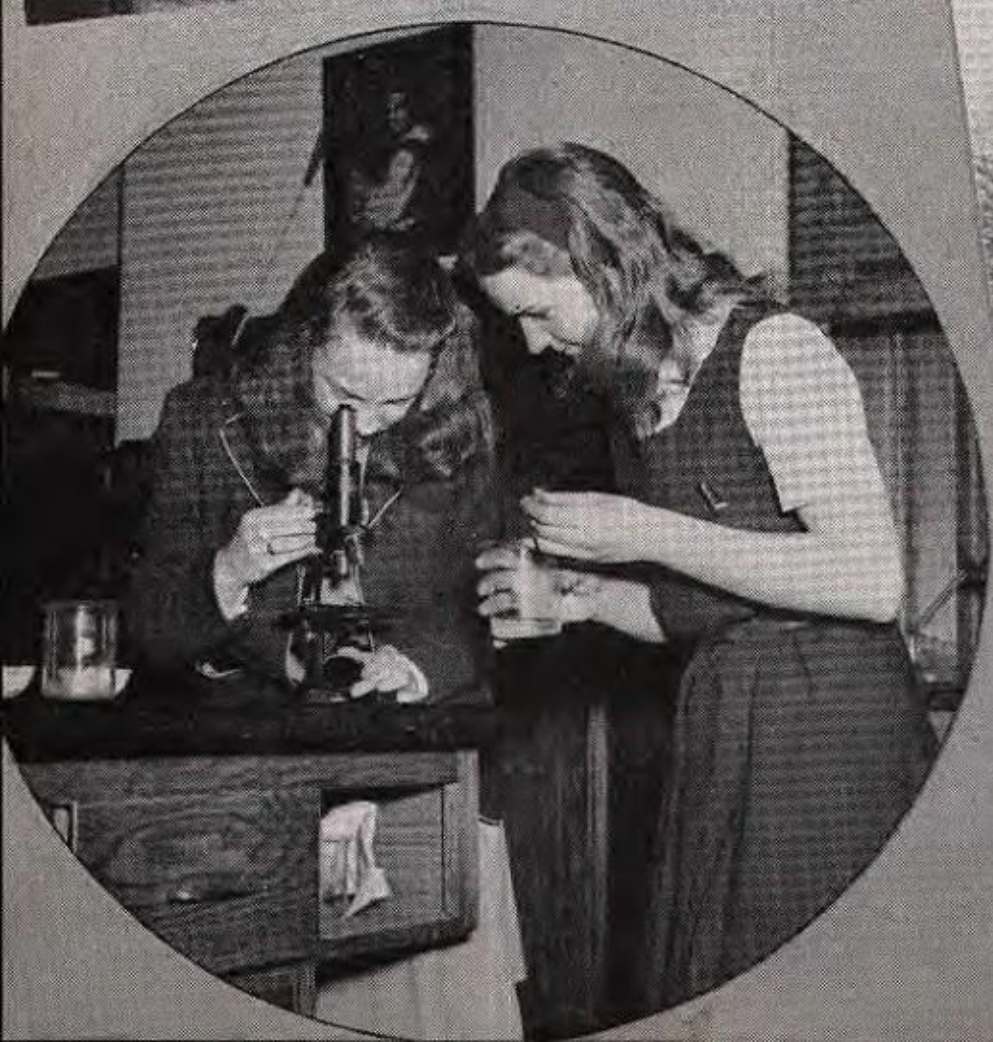
Excess energy aboard ship is always an obstacle to be leaped over with no little agility. Captain Lecollier took over for the early weeks, swinging into action the hardy crewmen who just "must have something to do." That something was hockey between Green and White teams. Players and fans were enthusiastic and fairly skillful. Basketball was coached later by Commander Dickey. The good old baseball came out in the spring; and some of our more elated souls took to aesthetic dancing.

Honorable officers in charge were Charlotte McNulty and Barbara Cruciger. They slipped in a skating party for the Red Cross while we were roaming the Arctic Seas.

All welfare matters of the ship were in the hands of the Ellis Guild, its members elected from the various classes. Leaders were chosen by the entire crew. Chiefs Wilson, Betty Reed, and Walker have been advised, and wisely by Chief Stevenson.

The Junior and Senior Red Cross, The Seeing Eye, The Save-a-Child fund, Frontier Nursing and The Grenfell Mission have all received generous contributions from our ship. These charities were financed by the Guild Fair held ashore on a long week-end in May. Families and friends of the crew kept all sideshows busy, the grab bag empty, and food counters swept clean.







THE CLASS SONG

FINLANDIA

With thankful hearts we praise thee, Alma Mater;
We raise our voices now in grateful song.
Thy spirit guides us ever on our pathway.
We live by thee, as days roll along.
With thankful hearts we praise thee, Alma Mater;
We raise our voices now in grateful song.

We pledge devotion to the dreams you've fostered;
We'll strive to keep thy vision ever bright.
Through aspiration we would grow in stature,
To find in truth and beauty, delight.
We pledge devotion to the dreams you've fostered;
We'll strive to keep thy vision ever bright.

PEGGY

E.A.A. Class President

Treasurer of the Ellis Guild

Student Council

PREPARING FOR

BELOIT COLLEGE



MARGARET ELIZABETH STEWART



"In her tongue

is the law

of kindness."



KATHERINE MCKEE BURNS . .

KITTY

Art Club

Dramatic Club

PREPARING FOR

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

*"Born with the gift of laughter
—and the sense that
the world is mad."*



RUBE

Guild 1946

Art Club

Dramatic Club

PREPARING FOR

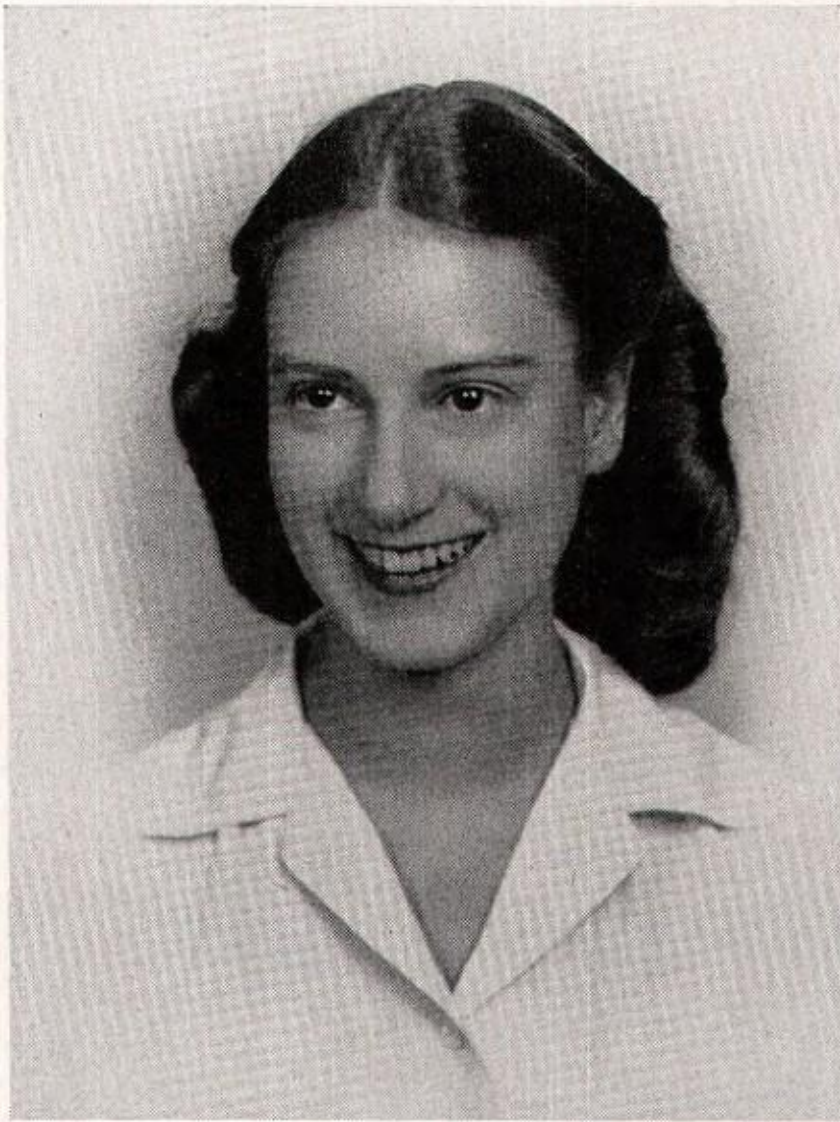
SOUTHERN SEMINARY



RUBY MAY CHIURAZZI



*"Life is very short and very uncertain;
Let us spend it as well as we can."*



BARBARA NEGLEY CRUCIGER

CRUCIE

Secretary-Treasurer of
Ellis Athletic Association

Dramatic Club

Glee Club

White Team Captain

Associate Business Manager

Art Club

PREPARING FOR

WELLS COLLEGE

*"Though little,
I'll work as hard
as a Turk."*



DIVVIE

President of the Art Club

Associate Editor of E.A.A. Learbook

Dramatic Club

PREPARING FOR

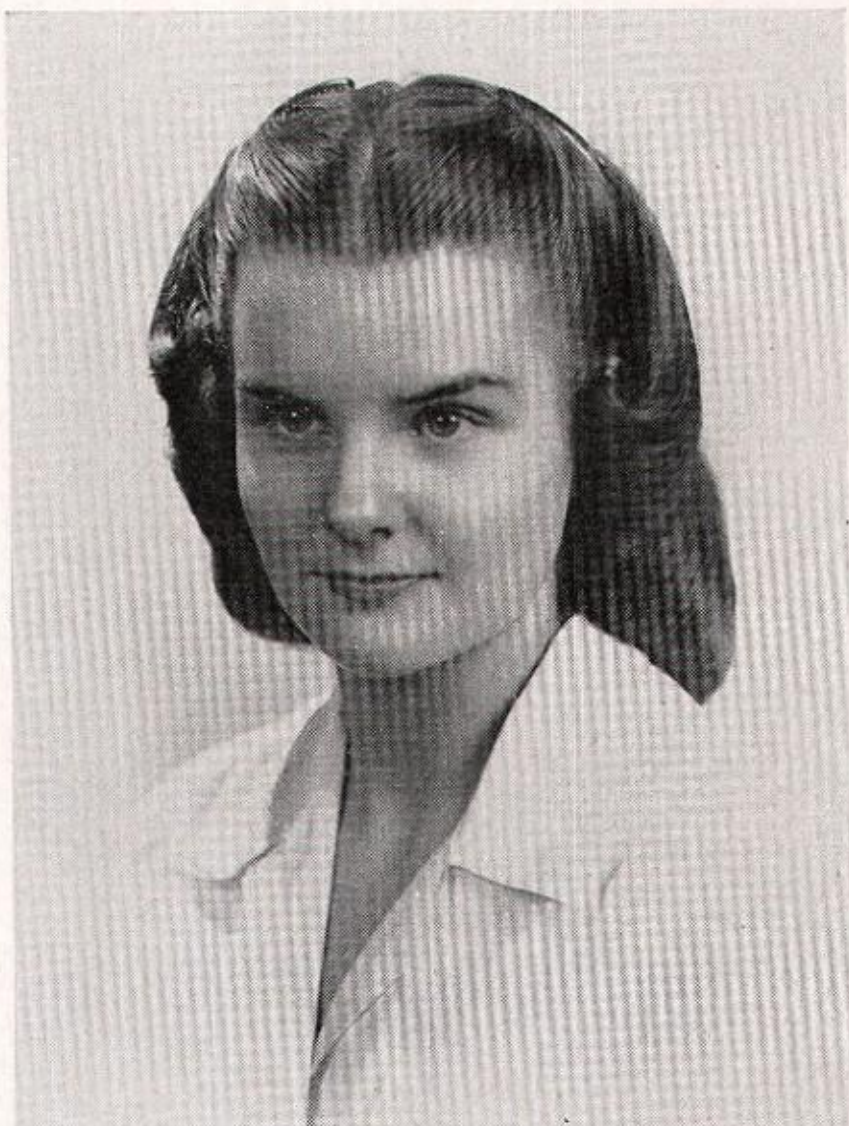
CARNEGIE TECH



ANNE ELIZABETH DIVVENS



"Brevity is the soul of wit."



ANNE EISAMAN

ANNIE

President of Class 1945

Asst. Treasurer of Guild 1945

Secretary-Treasurer of
Dramatic Club

Ellis Athletic Association

Editor of Yearbook

PREPARING FOR

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

*"It is impossible to
please all the world
and one's father."*



GOOTCH

Vice-President of Guild 1945

Art Club

Dramatic Club

President of Student Council

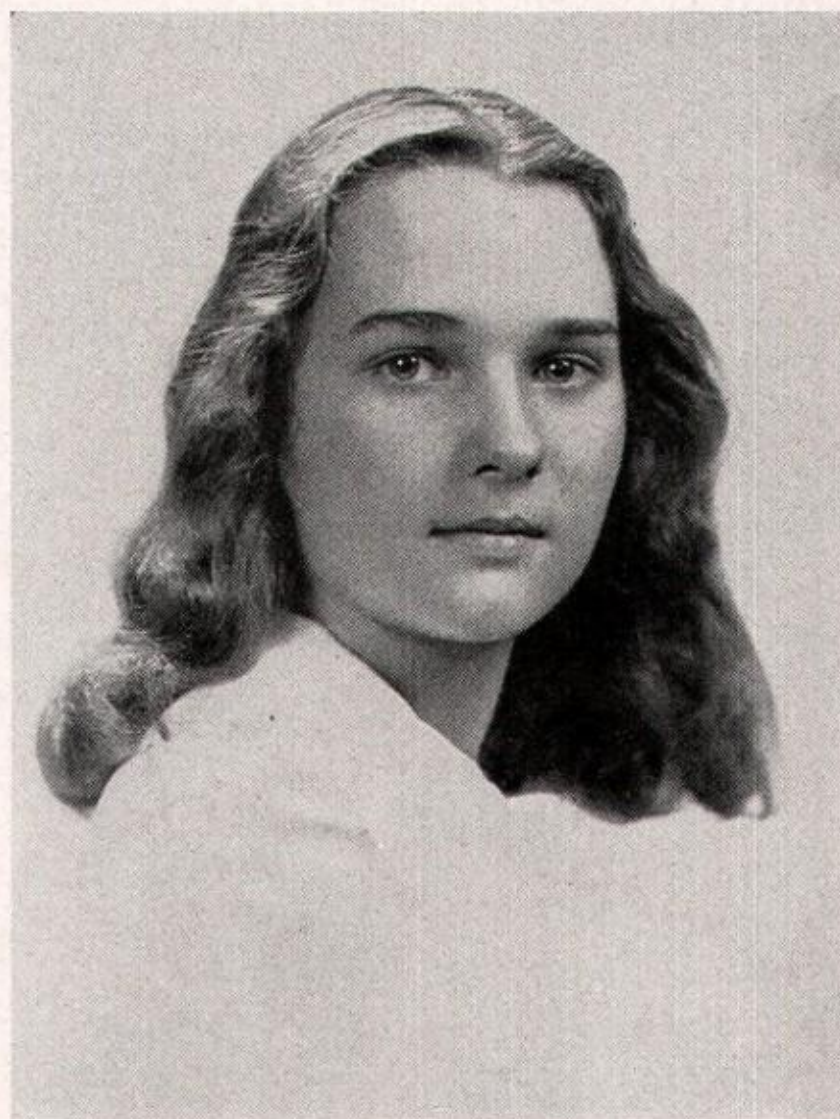
Secretary-Treasurer of
Class 1944-1946

Art Editor of Yearbook

Ellis Athletic Association

PREPARING FOR

WELLESLEY COLLEGE



ELLEN LOUISE GUTSCHE



*"There is great ability
in knowing how to
conceal one's ability."*



CHARLOTTE VOSKAMP MCNULTY

MAC

President of Ellis Athletic
Association

Glee Club Manager 1944-1946

Dramatic Club

Green Team Captain

PREPARING FOR
SMITH COLLEGE

*"Knowledge is more than
equivalent to force."*



SCHUCHIE

Vice-President of Dramatic
Club 1945

Student Council 1945-1946

President Dramatic Club

Business Manager of Yearbook

PREPARING FOR
WELLS COLLEGE



NANCY LAVINIA SCHUCHMAN



*"And put my clouted brogues
from off my feet."*

FORECAST

Off the coast of Delphi, our senior officers decided to go ashore and consult the oracle of Apollo. As they filed solemnly into the inner sanctum, they saw her quietly slipping a great, voluminous, black gown over her powder blue toga, (that's a cloak, son!). She whirled about and stared at their dumbfounded faces for several moments before she spoke. Her words seemed to come from some distant place, as though she had left it behind the curtain.

"Pray be seated while I embark upon my flight to the Never-Never Land."

They squatted on the hooked rugs scattered over the rough-hewn floor, while their new friend closed her eyes, twirled in the air and mumbled a line or two from Conchita Banana. As silence enveloped the room, her eyes opened and she seemed entirely changed. She had the appearance of one who has just had a dip in the Arctic Ocean, clad in a dotted swiss sun suit.

Her dark eyes flashed as the little figure near the brass foot-warmer shivered and edged closer.

"Young lady, your future will be very different from that which you have planned."

Barbara Cruciger cleared her throat and quietly rasped, "You mean I shall never concoct the Elixir of Life" She half shut her eyes and wrinkled her chin prettily. This confused the oracle and she hurried to amend the prediction.

"Well, now, not exactly. You will receive ample assistance from one who is near to you. In fact, she is sitting behind you, with her hair twined around her nose. How very odd!"

We all turned to see Charlottee who loosened her hair and nervously rubbed at her newly acquired sunburn.

"I see an artists's life, consisting of hunger, privation and grueling work for you."

Anne Eisaman left her Krunchy Karamel Kovered Pop Corn Ball fall into her lap, as she realized that the seeress was addressing her. Her thoughts skipped over the diet of thin tea and Zwiebach as the words, "grueling work," imprinted themselves on her brain. Then, shrugging her shoulders with resignation, she downed another popcorn ball.

At that moment Divvens looked perturbed.

"Are any of us going to marry?"

"The total will not be high for the class, but YOU can rest assured, provided you can steer clear of hockey pucks and other flying missiles."

Divvie blushed and Kitty replaced her ice pack. A small boy dressed in a goatskin tunic of a shepherd, stole into the chamber behind the oracle. He carried a tray of entrails which he placed on a small table at the oracle's feet. Taken back slightly, she turned to thank the child. Seeing this opportunity, Ellen Gutsche rose from her position and began to examine the contents of the tray.

"Sure enough, it is the alimentary canal of an ovis muttonus, quite well organized and still pretty fresh . . ."

At that moment, the priestess turned and glowered at Ellen. Ellen beat a hasty retreat as the oracle looked closely at the entrails, winced slightly, and choked.

"You are going to tamper with nature once too often, O Curious One, and your method of controlling genes in reproduction will bring a race of giants destined to destroy your very civilization."

Ellen's chum, Peggy Stewart, edged quietly away from her side. This movement brought her to the attention of the wily prophetess who thereupon chanted in her usual dreary monotone, "The atmosphere will be your career."

"Oh grand! That means that I will be an airlines hostess after all!"

"Not quite; you are destined to become the predictor in charge of balloons at the weather bureau."

A tear ran its quiet course down Peggy's disappointed face, as she tightened her teeth braces and smiled her brave little smile. Ruby, who had up to this time been putting her bangs up in curl papers, rose and caught the oracle's eye.

"Designers of the capitols of the world will clamor to have you model their creations."

"Isn't that wonderful, girls? Can't you see me now, modeling plastic bathing suits fitted with jet engines?"

The seeress continued coldly, "You will demonstrate farm implements at state fairs throughout the country, and your greatest triumph will come when you are chosen Miss Chilled Steel Plow of the Wheat and Potato Belt."

Calling a halt to proceedings, the oracle bent down and shoveled some coal into the sacred fire, just as Nancy Schuchman snapped her camera. A bit startled by the occurrence, the prophetess stiffened and looked icily at her as she spoke.

"Someday in trying to take a picture using twenty ultra-violet flash bulbs, you will be consumed by the glare and never seen again."

Beads of honest perspiration poured off Nancy's forehead as she sheepishly deposited the used bulb into a nearby incense pot.

At this point, the little boy entered to announce the arrival of a person named Croesus, who sought a five-dollar prediction on one of his wars. The priestess prepared to leave. Kitty ran along beside her, tugging at her robes until, in desperation, the seeress consulted the spirits in charge of Burns.

You will join the Elves', Gnomes', Leprochons' and Little Mens' Chowder and Marching Society after West Point closes down. There you will stay as Chowder Committee Chairman for life."

Following these words, a great gong was sounded and the little boy passed among them with a size seven and one-eighth derby. The girls threw in their car checks, Willkie buttons and World's Fair souvenirs and made for the door.

On the remainder of the voyage, many a night was spent discussing the authenticity of the odd predictions and many a fingernail was lost in worry over them. For the outcome of it all, we must wait, but no one can stop our guessing.

OUTCAST

NEWS ITEM: THE FOLLOWING DOCUMENT WAS RECENTLY FOUND, SEALED IN A MILK BOTTLE BY A FISHERMAN OFF THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND.

We, the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Forty-six of the Ellis School, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last Will and Testament.

FIRST: We direct our executor to pay our just debts and funeral expenses.

SECOND: To our exhausted teachers we give endless apologies and ample time for relaxation in our absence.

THIRD: As individuals we give and bequeath the following:

Charlotte McNulty.....	leaves her battered dictionary to Virginia Wilson
Barbara Cruciger.....	leaves her ice skates to Friski Walton
Peggy Stewart.....	leaves her good nature to the faculty
Anne Eisaman.....	leaves her shiny oxfords to Mrs. Burnett
Nancy Schuchman.....	leaves her locker to the lost and found
Ellen Gutsche.....	leaves her hypochondria to Nancy Patton
Kitty Burns.....	leaves her dancing ability to Jean Lappe
Anne Divvens.....	leaves her diet book to Freddie Murray
Ruby Chiurazzi.....	leaves her notebook at home

FOURTH: All the rest, residue, and remainder of our personal and real estate, we give, devise, and bequeath to our Sister class.

We hereby appoint Mrs. Currier to be the executor of this, our last Will and Testament, and to use full authority over next year's Senior class.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN

Count your garden by the flowers

Never by the leaves that fall—

Count your days by golden hours,

Don't remember clouds at all—

Count your nights by stars—not shadows.

Count your life with smiles, not tears.

And with joy through all your lifetime,

Count your age by friends, not years!



SARAH FRAZER ELLIS

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Thirty years ago, Miss Sarah F. Ellis opened The Ellis School on Ellsworth Avenue, and since she retired, a few years ago, The Ellis School has continued not only to bear Miss Ellis' name, but to realize and deserve the high reputation Miss Ellis made for it.

Its name has come to stand for the intelligence, dignity and gentility inherent in the character of its founder.

It has given me special pleasure to make the photographs of the Senior Class, the Faculty, and other school pictures, which over a period of many years have appeared in this school annual.

All those on the staff of The Parry Studio who have contributed to the making and production of these photographs join me in wishing The Ellis School the continued success it is bound to enjoy under the undying influence of her, whose name it bears.

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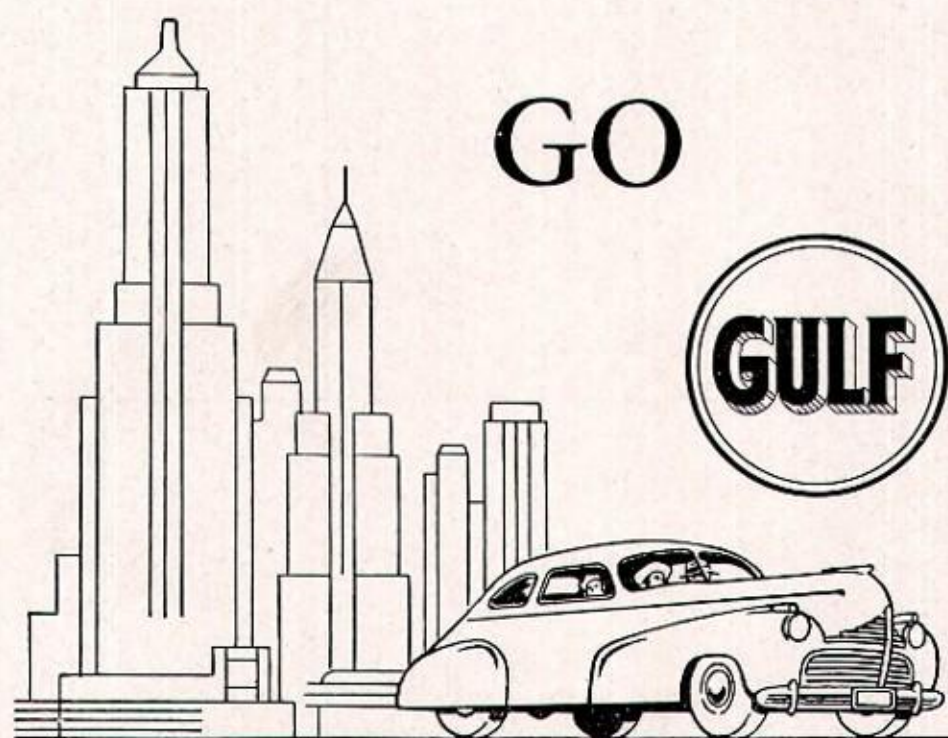
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